

Love's End

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Summary: Set a few years post season 1, but doesn't include season 2. Angie and Peggy say goodbye to their love as Peggy leaves for LA. A short one-shot where I got salty about peggysons and how Angie barely got a mention in season 2, so I wrote my own end to Cartinelli.

Love's End

Tension filled the room; not just between the women in the hallway but in every crack and crevice in the walls. It wasn't the good kind. Gone were the days when passion and excitement reigned, when they stayed up until three in the morning talking about their darkest secrets and brightest dreams. Now there were just sighs of relief whenever the other walked out of the door.

No matter how much their younger selves thought they could have a future together, real life seemed to trickle its way into their relationship every now and then. Their young, foolish selves thought they could fix that leak, but eventually the trickle became a stream, which ended up as a toxic pool of resentment between the two. Their talks at three am became fights, ending in tears rather than reassurances of love. Both had truly experienced love before, thus they knew they were experiencing love's end.

Eventually the day came when Peggy's bags were packed and by the door. It wasn't a big affair, no big explosions or fireworks like Howard's break-ups were; no, that would imply passion or lingering love. It was quiet, fitting for a relationship gone cold, with the last few drops of love leaving with the morning mist.

Angie walked over to Peggy, a singular plane ticket to Los Angeles in her hand. It was ironic, Peggy thought, that she would be going to LA, the place of stardom and Hollywood that Angie had always dreamed of. But Angie didn't want to be an actress for the fame - maybe it

was best she stuck to Broadway after all. "Well English, I guess this is it." Her hands carefully controlled, she handed over the plane ticket crumpled from hours of indecision with a sad smile on her face.

"Yes, it is I suppose. But we had fun though?" Peggy asked, thinking of the days when the two would dance to Peggy Lee in one of the extravagant rooms Howard had provided. Yet that chapter of her life was over, and it hurt to open it up again and witness Angie's distinct impression on the pages.

Angie stepped closer, forehead resting on Peggy's as their final kiss. Her smile widened as she too thought of their golden days. "Yeah Peg, we did. But we've gotta move on now. Separately." A lone tear dropped down Angie's cheek while she choked back a sob.

"Thank you though. My darling, you've taught me how to feel, how to love again. You saved me."

The mangled sob she had thought she could hold back escaped before Angie could speak again. "You can do it yourself now. You don't need me anymore."

"You don't need me either."

"I will always love you Peggy Carter. Even when we're in our seventies with grey hair on different sides of the world, I will still be loving you."

The pair (for they could no longer be called a couple) straightened up, and Peggy brushed away the tear from Angie's cheek, her own eyes glossy. "Oh darling, you were always one for dramatics." Peggy turned, plane ticket and bags in hand, and left the house. And Angie.

Forever.

End  
file.